

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Shop Talk

by Derek Hebeauton

INTERESTING and informative is the general opinion on the latest publication by His Majesty's Stationery Office, the 64-page booklet "His Majesty's Submarines."

To the layman, the book gives a vivid picture of the conditions under which submarines and submariners live and fight, and some of the tales of the adventures of such men as the late Lieut.-Commander M. O. Wanklyn, V.C., D.S.O., R.N., of Upholder, and Commander A. C. C. Miers, V.C., D.S.O., R.N., of Torbay, are exciting enough for the average "thriller" fan.

The book covers most fronts of the submarine war, taking the reader from the ice-bound Russian convoy routes to the Mediterranean, and from the Bay of Biscay to the Far East.

The story of Seraph, under Lieut. N. L. A. Jewell, who took General Mark Clark to Africa, and a few days later embarked General Giraud from the French coast, is one of the adventures told in the book, while others are the epic midget submarine attack on the Tirpitz by the two V.C.s, Lieuts. B. C. G. Place, D.S.C., R.N., and D. Cameron, R.N.R., and the bomb disposal heroism of Lt. P. S. W. Roberts, R.N., and P.O. T. W. Gould on board Thrasher, an action which won for both the award of the Victoria Cross.

More recent submarine exploits bring forth the names of Lieut. G. E. Hunt, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., Lieut.-Commander L. W. A. Bennington, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., Lieut.-Commander M. R. G. Wingfield, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., Lieut.-Commander E. P. Young, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N.V.R., and many other officers who have won fame in the Mediterranean and in Far-Eastern waters.

The work the Submarine Service has done can be judged by these figures. During the first three years of the war the Service gained four Victoria Crosses, 49 Distinguished Service Orders and bars to the D.S.O., 83 Distinguished Service Crosses and bars to the D.S.C., and 255 Distinguished Medals and bars to the D.S.M.

MORE tales of the Far Eastern war were told by Lieut. J. A. Spender, D.S.C., R.N., when he brought Sirdar back to a British port after 12 months in tropical climes.

During one action, Sirdar defied enemy coastal batteries to remain on the surface and finish off an action with a Japanese supply ship. Only when the enemy ship was blazing fiercely, and so enveloped in smoke that spotting became impossible, did the submarine dive and escape. Another supply ship, attacked with gunfire, blazed for five hours before she sank.

COUNTY OF NORFOLK



The view of Norwich from St. Peter's Mancroft Church shows the prominence of Cathedral and Castle. Other pictures of the Norfolk County are on the back page.

I ALWAYS think of Norfolk as the Lonely County. It is on the road to Nowhere. With every other county of England you have some attachment, because even if you do not pause in them, you at least pass through their principal towns on your way to some place beyond: or, as with Devon and Cornwall, they have such striking attractions that they entice you, for their fame and beauty are outstanding.

That northern part of the fen—it catches at your great bulge between The Wash and Harwich, which is Norfolk, is isolated from the main route of road and rail, and you come to it only of set purpose. I, for one, often feel that the wretched railway journey to its heart is enough to persuade you to spend a week-end or a short holiday in some other county which, though it may be further away, is more easily accessible.

Yet, when you do get there, you wish you had come oftener. For Norfolk has, indeed, a charm of its own.

It is not a pretty county, nor has it grandeur in the accepted sense. But the level stretches of countryside, wheat-covered, or (south from Swaffham to the Suffolk border and beyond) bearing nothing but heather and bracken, or that marshy fens, have a beauty that seeps into the mind gradually.

It does not, I think, strike one suddenly as do vistas of great hills, or vast woodlands, or as a landscape of small hills and valleys opens before one from a mountain summit.

At first acquaintance the scene is likely to seem a little dismal and monotonous. But as you move through it—be it meadow or cornland, heathland

camouflaged warehouses, causing large fires. "There is little doubt the warehouses contained stores of rubber," said Lieut. Spender.

Earlier in the patrol the submarine had bombarded some hours before she sank.

clouds, the rain, the dawn and twilight paint always a new picture.

THE NORFOLK.

It is likely that you will find the county friendly before you really gain the confidence of its people. They are a reserved people, especially in the countryside itself. But you must remember that for many centuries the men and women of those parts had little to do with the outside world, and that even in these days they have not the constant contacts other people enjoy.

Their isolation has kept them more self-centred, probably, than any other folk in Britain. But once you have their friendship, it is a lasting thing.

There is one part of Norfolk which is an exception to this spirit of isolation—the stretch of inland waterways near the coast above Yarmouth (and, of course, that seaside resort at Norwich and other large towns are exceptions, too).

For centuries The Broads were dreary expanses of water, fringed (and sometimes covered) with rushes and sedge, known only to local men who sailed

along their banks.

They were the haunt of wildfowl of every description, but of nothing else.

Then someone—goodness

knows who—discovered that

they were ideal places for a

lazy holiday for amateur sailors

add to the general air of loneli-

ness rather than to break in ness rather than to break in

nothing about sailing). The upon it.

SEA RETREATS.

The receding of the sea in these parts has left several villages, which were once thriving little ports, high and dry. Wells still does some sea

activity—full of people busily doing nothing very much in boats of every kind. And very nice, too.

The wherries have nearly vanished: the old windmills which once stood as landmarks on the edges of those waterways have fallen into ruin, one by one; the wild-fowl, though still plentiful, have decreased;

but The Broads have shaken off their traditional isolation.

Boating, fishing and bathing are the principal features of their waters.

Hickling, Oulton, Heigham, Wroxham—and the others, canvas on which the sun, the whichever you visit you find an

D. N. K. BAGNALL continues his series of the Counties of England

Stiffkey (pronounced Stewkey) has been inflicted with unwelcome notoriety in recent years, but it will pass. Its true claim to fame is that it is the source of Stewkey Cockles, as outstanding to the connoisseur as Whitstable oysters.

But even that industry is being lost to Stiffkey, for cockle gathering does not commend itself to the young girls of the village, and they show no desire to follow the occupation of their mothers and grandmothers. Who can blame them?

Getting cockles as a holiday adventure is one thing; going out day after day in fishy-smelling clothes and squelching boots to get sacks of them is another!

Inland the scenery is more cheerful. Farm-lands and occasional woodlands fringe the country roads. Neat farm-houses and villages, though mostly of no particular interest, make focal points in the landscape, and there is one striking

thing you will find in many districts—the number of ancient manor houses.

Civil wars and insurrections which devastated fine old buildings in many parts of Britain rarely touched Norfolk. As a result, it has examples of Tudor-work far more numerous and better preserved than elsewhere.

The Manor of East Barsham and the Rectory of Great Snoring, the Manor of Cressingham

(Continued on Page 2).

Throw bricks at us if
you like (the Editor is
building a house, any-
way), but for goodness
sake WRITE!

Address :

"Good Morning,"
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1



Lieut. James Stuart Launders, D.S.O. and Bar, D.S.C. and Bar, R.N., of "Venturer," with his wife and sister outside Buckingham Palace after the investiture. See also picture, Page 2.

Poe's Helen of a Thousand Dreams

I HAVE pressed your letter soul with glory, with wonder and again and again to my lips, with awe. sweetest Helen—bathing it in tears During our walk in the cemetery of joy or of a divine despair. But I, I said to you, while the bitter, who so lately vaunted in your bitter tears sprang into my eyes, presence the power of words—of "Helen, I love now—now—for the what avail are mere words to me first and only time...." now? Could I believe the efficacy I saw that you were Helen—my of prayers to the God of Heaven, Helen—the Helen of a thousand I would indeed kneel, humbly dreams.... She whom the great kneel, at this the most earnest Giver of all good had preordained epoch of my life—kneel in entreaty to be mine—mine only—if not for words—but for words that now, alas! then hereafter and for should disclose to you—that might ever in the Heavens.... enable me to lay bare to you my Do you not—I ask it of your whole heart.

All thoughts, all passions seem your heart—do you not perceive now merged in that one consuming that it is my diviner nature, my desire to make you see that for spiritual being which burns and which there is no human voice, the pants to commingle with your unalterable fervour of my love for your own? Has the soul age, Helen? you: for so well do I know your Can Immortality regard Time? poet nature that I feel sure that if Can that which began never and you could but look down into the shall never end consider a few depths of my soul with your pure wretched years of its incarnate spiritual eyes, you could not refuse life? Ah! I could almost be angry to speak to me what alas! you still with you for the unwarranted resolutely leave unspoken—You wrong you offer to the sacred reality would love me if only for the greatness of my affection?....

Write soon—soon—oh soon!—but not much. Do not weary or agitate yourself for my sake. Say to me those coveted words that would turn Earth into Heaven.

E. A. Poe (1809-1849).

AND all my days are trances
And all my nighty dreams
Are where thy grey eye glances
And where thy footstep gleams—
In what ethereal dances
By what Eternal streams!

E. A. Poe (1835).

White Girl Drops in Savage Lap

A VALLEY lies within the be friendly or hostile curiosity, snow-capped, canyon-like. In spite of their never having walls of the 17,000ft. Oranje seen white people before, the Mountain range on the northern natives were disposed to friend-coast of Dutch New Guinea, liness towards their visitors. It has no name and is one of the was just as well, because the war-comparatively few places where riors were equipped with long the finger of Western civilisation wooden spears and formidable has not touched. As far as map-bows and arrows, which they makers are concerned, it is unex-hurled at the aircraft when it plored territory, and, owing to its first appeared overhead.

Nevertheless, the authorities thought it wise to be prepared against hostility, and a number of

Filipino paratroopers and some medical orderlies descended into the valley under the leadership of Capt. Cecil Waters, but they unfortunately encamped several miles away from the survivors.

Two men and a girl became the and it was several days before first white people to land in this the three castaways completed the journey to the camp.

Dazedly they looked about. Meanwhile, food, medical supplies and a radio-telephone were dropped, together with make-up pale greenness to the rim of the kit for Corporal Margaret.

It was discovered that the natives valued sea-shells very highly, so a supply of these was dropped, too, in order that the castaways might trade them for fresh greenstuff and pork.

They looked again at the place where they had landed, and noticed palms and sweet potatoes, and what appeared to be carefully these, together with pork from the planned fields and gardens en-wild pigs they hunted, provided circling clusters of thatch-roofed most of their food.

On the surrounding They were never seen drinking, hillsides were straight stone walls and seemed able to work long hours in their fields without appearing

That was the first impression thirsty. the castaways had of the valley. Although the temperature sel-stance where a woman was re-camp, she generously suggested

Soon scout planes from Hol-dom reached 100 degrees, their garded with reverence and awe that Corporal Margaret should landia, 150 miles away, located only clothing was a fibre belt, in this strange place.

the survivors, and there began and in spite of the interest shown what was to become an almost in the paratroopers' intricate garments, the natives did not seem inclined to adopt any of them.

The survivors of the crash, Corporal Margaret Hastings, W.A.C., Lieut. John McCollum, and Sergt. Kenneth Decker, soon realised they were objects of curiosity for the natives who inhabited the valley, frizzy-haired, massive, black people.

They wondered whether it would

There were comparatively few women in the community, but friendly with the visitors to her they were certainly not pampered domain, and managed to make up in any way. They took their herself understood by signs.

share of the field cultivation with their men-folk, working long hours in the well-organised expertly irrigated gardens.

There was, however, one in-people—visits to the castaways

As a mark of her position, she

It was impossible to land a



Part of Venturer's crew in happy mood outside the Palace following an investiture. Left to Right: Chief E.R.A. Frank King, D.S.M., Leading Seaman P. A. T. Head, D.S.M., Leading Telegraphist C. H. Lewis, D.S.M., Lieutenant J. S. Launders, D.S.O. and bar, D.S.C. and bar, R.N., Leading Telegraphist J. S. Byrne, D.S.M., and Leading Stoker J. N. Standley, D.S.M.

What's All This About Freedom?

GENERAL EISENHOWER recently was ceremoniously presented with "the Freedom" of London. Many similar personages will get that gratuity in the coming days of mutual congratulation. But what does this "Freedom" business mean? What would it signify if they presented it to **you**?

It has been said that, like most high-sounding distinctions at the present time, it signifies precisely nothing.

Undoubtedly you would look at it like that if you were given the honour and then expected it to provide you with free beer, free taxi-cab fares, free income-tax.

Once upon a time it did mean something very like that.

The idea dates from the days when cities were self-contained communities behind strong walls and were continually being conquered, like nations today.

A very strong conqueror would be met by the citizens at the gates, given the keys, told—in an effort to placate him—that he could enter the place laid down that Freemen could and enjoy himself freely.

The citizens, or the more tants and their dependents, and

powerful among them, thought they would like to enjoy similar privileges themselves, so they invented a procedure whereby such happy individuals could do it.

When a fat merchant achieved his heart's desire and had the Freedom of the City conferred upon him, he automatically got (1) a Parliamentary vote; (2) immunity from county jurisdiction (which meant freedom to break the law in many ways); (3) exemption from tolls (you couldn't travel a mile without paying somebody for the use of the road); and (4) a share in the revenue accruing from the corporate property.

And there were other advantages.

That system has quietly endured right to the present day, save that they don't get exemption from tolls now—toll-roads having gone out of fashion—and the privileges are now confined to a small, inconspicuous class.

An Act of Parliament in 1835 laid down that Freemen could be chosen only from old inhabitants, and

What the Honorary Freedom gives you is a ride through the City, in a free, horse-drawn equipage, a rather nice casket with a scroll inside and a considerable amount of applause.

To receive the Honorary Freedom of the City of London is to receive a very great

J. Mountain



Corporal Margaret and her U.S. airman companion after their rescue from the Hidden Valley.

County of Norfolk

(Continued from Page 1)
—and others—are delightful places, and add to a countryside already rich in historical associations (for the history of Norfolk started with the Vikings) outstanding relics of the past.

ONLY CITY.

Norfolk is still very largely a countryman's county. Its only city is Norwich, and its large towns can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

King's Lynn is a colourful mixture of medieval and more modern architecture, with picturesque half-timbered houses and inns that, though so ancient, seem still alive. Indeed the sleepy atmosphere of the place is deceptive, for Lynn is a flourishing town.

Norwich, of course, has an individuality of its own. It, too, contains much that is rare and old, but it has moved more quickly with the times. Though you may find unexpected quaintness in some of its streets and people, you will be aware that you are in a city busily engaged in modern commerce.

I have done what I can to give you some impression of the peculiar atmosphere of

wore a necklace of shells, and this, transport plane on account of the together with a brief girdle of difficulties of taking off again. woven pig's hair were her only The only solution was the landing garments.

It is interesting to reflect that without the White Man's aid, without missionaries, without scientists, without the hectic turmoil of Westernisation, these natives on a five-mile wide, fertile plateau sheltered by mountains and 5,500 feet above sea level, had managed to plan and work their land successfully, with the aid of a complicated system of irrigation ditches, and, on the whole, managed to lead a very tolerable life.

Incidentally, Margaret's make-up appeared quite insignificant compared with the decoration she developed a special affection used by the Queen. This consisted of a brilliant red clay mix-clandestine—in order that she ture with which she was invariably should not lose face before her covered from head to foot.

As a mark of her position, she

It was impossible to land a

Reflection

Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the street, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward!

Developing

IT has just been revealed that the port of Avonmouth during the war was used by nearly a hundred hospital ships totalling more than half a million gross registered tons.

No fewer than 53,723 vessels used the port during the whole period of the war.

No wonder it is proposed to develop Avonmouth by the construction of a permanent trading estate there. That should provide jobs for a few thousand men.

Though the valley will no doubt remain unexplored territory as far as maps are concerned for some time yet, there is a little more known about this strange place cut off from civilisation in the midst of civilised Dutch New Guinea.

CATHRYN ROSE.

BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

I PREFER to be cheerful about stamp collecting in the peace years and to suppose that our hobby will be brighter and more diverse in interest than ever before. And I should have thought that at the present time everyone else would feel equally optimistic.

This isn't so, and in the philatelic Press there are writers who foresee a gloomy era of restrictions and controls and a general lopping off of the brighter aspects of collecting. For instance, Mr. J. S. Scruton, in Gibbons' Stamp Monthly, thinks there are certain aspects of philately which for good or bad are likely to be permanently affected by the war and by post-war tendencies.

I think, he says, we must face the disappearance of any semblance of an international free market in Stamps, or more exactly a legal free market.

With peace . . . the foreign exchange market is likely to be very tightly controlled, if not by a central international agency, which appears to be the ultimate aim, then by each individual country as it strides to reorganise its trade and finance. Similarly export and imports will be regulated to an extent almost unknown before the war.

The effect of these measures on the stamp world will be twofold. Firstly, the international trade and exchange of stamps will remain equally difficult as it is to-day.

This will lead to an almost permanent uncertainty with regard to supply and demand, the effect varying at different times and with different countries. This in turn will mean inflation and deflated market values with sudden rises and falls.

The second main effect of the conditions outlined will be the growth of the illegal stamp trade known as smuggling. Most collectors, I think, do not feel strongly enough about such activities. But there is a great need for a well-defined attitude towards the problem by both collectors and dealers, especially as it is not going to be merely a wartime matter.

At present there seems to be a tendency for dealers to hold collectors responsible by creating a demand, and for collectors to blame certain dealers for handling such stuff. This cynical refusal to shoulder responsibility and co-operate has meant a negative attitude to philately.

It has always seemed to me that in issues such as these there is great scope for local clubs and societies to give a lead by co-operative action by their members.

Collecting also continues to boom in America. It is a pity that as our hobby becomes more widespread and popular, such development carries with it certain dangers. This vast and growing army of collectors has also meant the growth of a smaller army of people willing to please them with high-priced junk, smuggled stamps, philatelic postmarks, and farcical first-day covers.

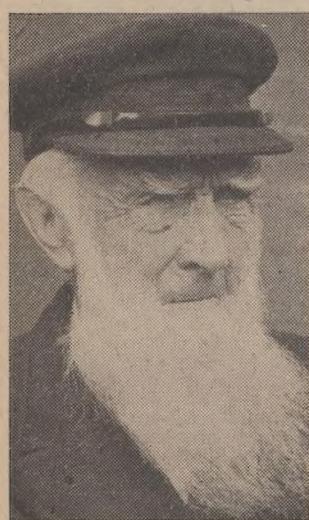
Perhaps the aftermath of war will bring other and larger difficulties and problems than those which have been suggested.

What should be our post-war aims for philately? Surely something rather higher than more and better albums, condition charts and cheaper new issue services. We must preserve, foster, and pass on the true spirit of philately, for it may well be in danger.

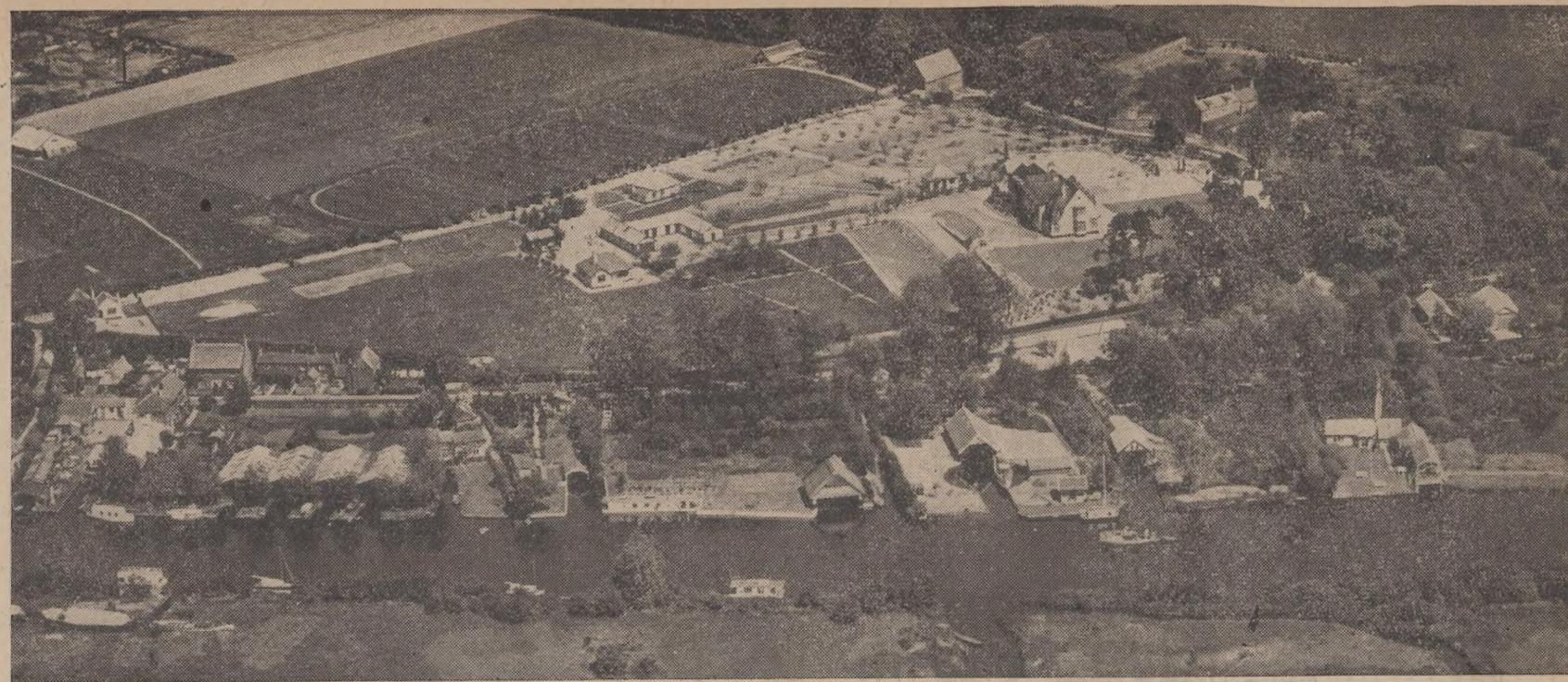
Illustrated here is one of a long series of stamps lithographed in Washington on October 9th, 1944, for the French Provisional Government and issued in February last. The values are overprinted in black. From South Africa comes new postage due stamps in the small bantam size; here is a unit of three stamps rouletted vertical between.

The Norwegian Charity stamp reproduced here appeared in August, 1943, but has only just reached this country; it carried a surcharge in aid of the Crusaders' Society.

The other Norwegian stamp was issued in 1942 to commemorate the founding of the short-lived European Postal Union in Vienna. The design combines (on the right) a reproduction of Norway's first stamp, issued on January 1st, 1855, and the Quisling issue (on the left) of February, 1942. So far as I know, there were only two values—twenty ore brown red and thirty ore ultra marine.

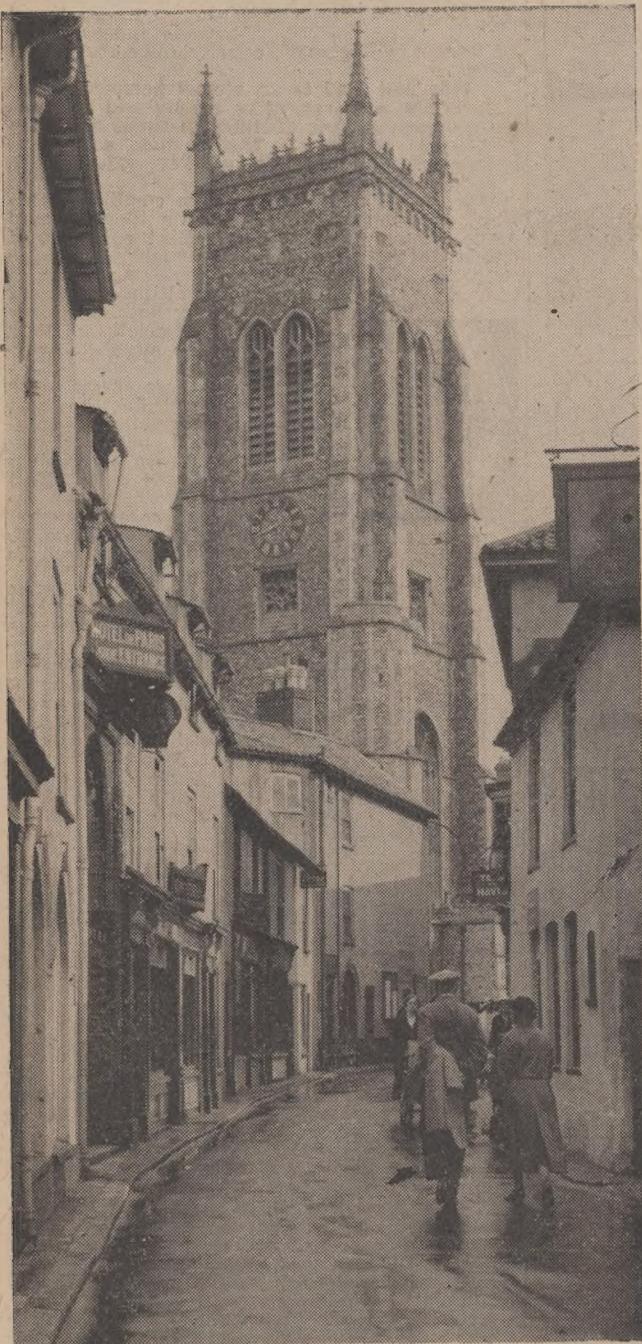


Here's the man who made the Broads famous. Eighty-nine-year-old Mr. John Loynes, of Wroxham, was the first man to open up the Broads for pleasure-boating. As a young man he pushed his first boat all the way from Yarmouth —mounted on wheels.



NORFOLK

The village of Honing in Norfolk. This lovely spot is as completely dominated by its river as Venice is by its canals. Every house with a water frontage seems to have its own boathouse and the main stream of life in Honing flows by—on the stream.



The delightful old Norfolk seaside resort of Cromer with the tower of the parish church overshadowing everything else in this narrow winding back street. We find the discreet side entrance of the "Hotel de Paris" intriguing.



Cromer is justly famous for its bracing east-coast breezes. Here on the high cliffs outside the town is the place to enjoy them—if you can manage to stand up against them. Personally, we always prefer to sit down to enjoy them.



This grand old type is a Norfolk lobster fisherman. Here you see him industriously mending his creel.



WINTER COMES TO THE BROADS.
The cold grey waters, blown by a December wind, lap mournfully around the boles of two lonely willow trees. A pale sun struggles fitfully to pierce the surrounding grey of the overcast sky. A typical winter's scene on the Norfolk Broads—after the gay, laughing crowds of holiday boating parties have returned to the towns.